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YOUR MOTHER AND MINE

NELLIE M. FALL



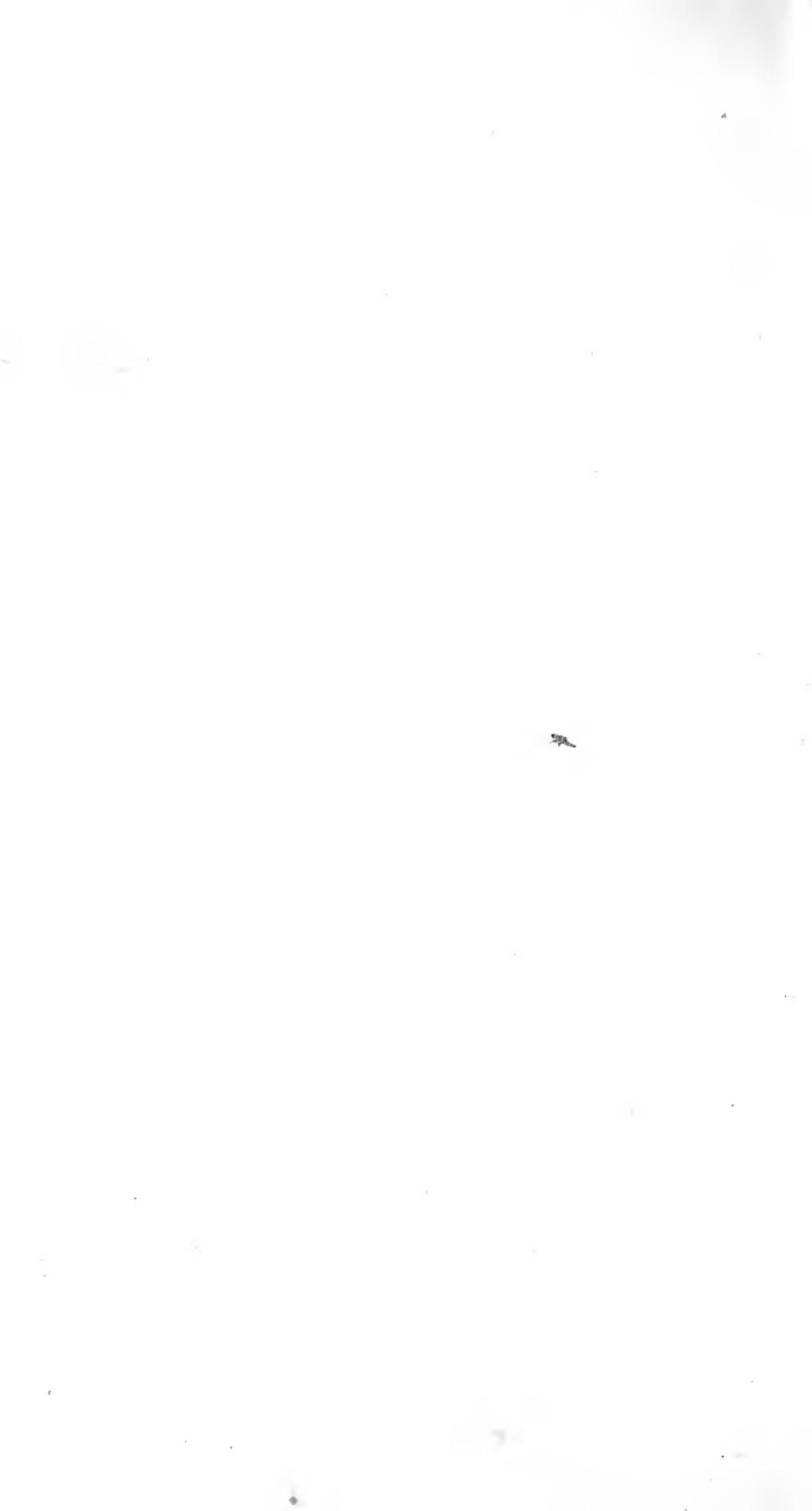
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Your Mother and Mine

Through the Maze of
Pride, Lust, Labor, Color and Creed

By NELLIE M. FALL



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To
Your Mother and Mine



 DIFFICULT task to say anything new
 Of worth of your Mother and mine,
So much has been written ennobling
 and true,
 All priceless gems, precious each line;
And everyone knows of the patience so rare,
 The Love tireless, tender and pure,
The courage unfalt'ring, the kind, watchful care
 That ever dare all to endure.
When life seems a failure and friends all forget,
 When fierce battles long and hard-fought
Have won only scars and defeat and regret,—
 Unheralded spoils dearly bought,
With Faith firm and fearless she guides to the
 goal,—
 The struggling heart's long-cherished shrine,
Sustained by a Trust that's the Song in the Soul
 Supreme of your Mother and mine.



OWE'ER much we wander and far we
may roam,

Not often will she e'er resign
Her place at the helm of the good, old
ship "Home"

When e'en all things seem to combine
To make a rough voyage; and through trials sore

Still confident, constant, serene,

She stays at her post ever willing the more

On His gentle guidance to lean
Who e'er rewards waiting with rightful increase

Of sustenance, shelter and rest,

And pilots her bark to the Harbor of Peace

Where Love's patient labors are blest.

But dark clouds of sense sometimes tend to
Obscure

The realm of the Real and fine,

And blinded thereby we are not always sure

That One is your Mother and mine.

MID splendor and ease in rich raiment
adorned,
Exclusive and proud and unkind,
She lives in dull dreams where the lowly
are scorned
Of those vain and selfishly blind,
Till heartless convention would kill with con-
tempt
The gifts solely worthy to live,
And founts of affection scare feebly attempt
In living streams longer to give.
But gently descending the pure, Royal Rays
Displace mortal counterfeit weak
With beauty of holiness, garments of praise,
With pride humbly chastened and meek;
And 'neath the mere semblance of feature unfold
The face noble, sweet and benign
Reflecting the Love and the kindness untold
Replete in your Mother and mine.

 IKE one long ago by the Pharisees
found,
Rejected, despised and forlorn,
Again comes the Magdalene hard and sin-
bound;
And prone to malign and to scorn
As ancient accusers so stainless and pure,
We also wait ready to stone.
But Wisdom would all our self-righteousness cure
With Love's wholesome weapons alone:
In earth's sordid turmoil of trouble and care
If only we touch the mere Hem
Of the Robe without seam, and the healing we
share
No man will another condemn,
But each will discern with eye single and keen
The Light kindly, pure and divine
Revealing not wanton spurned, loathsome and
mean,
But clearly your Mother and mine.

 HE pathways of Service, the great gift
of God,
Throughout countless ages reveal
The prints of feet bleeding—with rare
beauty shod—
Of those wisely zealous to heal;
To learn in the routine dull, irksome and sad
To work ever joyfully do,
And hungry hearts weary with waiting make
glad
With real Hope kindled anew;—
To sift in the seeking the chaff from the wheat,
The great Purpose rightly to serve,
Where selfless endeavors alone do not cheat,
Inclined ne'er to falter nor swerve;—
For this all would bring grateful homage to her—
Sincere gentlewoman divine,
Well knowing that Love will due honor confer
Worth while on your Mother and mine.

 HE Freedom long sung of a kind, loyal
race
Will more strong and truthful theme
bear
When methods of Justice found wanting give
place
To those honest, helpful and fair;
When barriers of color no longer dispute
The rights that are truly God-giv'n,
And worthy aspirants of splendid repute
Receive as they nobly have striv'n;
When aim for equality merely with man
Shall mortal no longer inspire,
But rather for measure with one of God's plan,—
A mark surely freer and high'r.
And blessed the Love that impartial has shown
In model of every design—
Whate'er caste or color—the true type and tone
Complete in your Mother and mine.



NSNARED in the meshes of dogma
and creeds,
Mankind's dire and deadliest foe,
Whose leaders and cruel laws ever must
needs
But little of comfort bestow,
She dares to exalt and devoutly revere
A mortal god, frail and unkind;
But lost in the maelstrom of mesmeric fear
The seekers of Truth will e'er find
Man's heritage real with God's stamp and Seal:
The Word-cure for all human ill,
A right understanding our small sects to heal
And each fearful, trembling heart fill
With perfect assurance of vict'ry o'er death,—
That Love's precious promise divine
Crowns Faith with fulfillment of all that He
saith
Of Life for your Mother and mine.

 HE Likeness of Love naught can dim or
defile,
With Holiness, Beauty and Grace
'Twill ever redeem with true Color and
Style,
And sensuous model efface,
Till concept of clay cannot cheat and defraud
The Good Work so wondrously wrought,
And noble ideals reflected from God
Inspire every action and thought;
Till clean and unfettered by aught from within,
Or cheap outward mortal display
Of vanity, servitude, bondage or sin
That strive over man to hold sway,
Like Jesus, the Master, in all we shall see
The One perfect Image Divine,
Complete, universal, pure, glorified, free,—
Your Mother Immortal and mine.



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